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way, New York.

Miss Maud Tibbals,

age 5, Mrs. Florence

Lucy Gross, aged 60

Eliz. Parker, formerly

Elizabeth D., of Kennebunkport;

John W. Drummond,

Deborah S., wife of

George S. William

6 months.

Annie F. Davis, aged

Albert E. Howard,

Aug. 6, Elizabeth

of Brunswick.

THE NOTES.

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Maine Farmer.

FAIRS TO OCCUR.

Androscoggin Agricultural Society—At Livermore Falls, August 19th, 20th, and 21st. Baldwin Agricultural and Lake Park Association—At East Sebago, Oct. 8th, 9th and 10th. Buxton and Hollis Agricultural Society—At Buxton, Sept. 3d, 4th and 5th. Cumberland County Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Narragansett Park, Gorham, Sept. 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th. East Somersett Agricultural Society—At Hartland, Sept. 10th, 11th and 12th. East Somersett Agricultural Club—At East Edington, Oct. 1st and 2d. Eastern State Fair—At Mapleton Park, Bangor, August 21st, 22d and 23d. Franklin County Agricultural Society—At Farmington, Sept. 17th, 18th and 19th. Kennebec Agricultural Society—At Readfield, Sept. 18th, 19th and 20th. Hancock County Fair Association—At Wyman Park, Ellsworth, Sept. 10th, 11th and 12th. Maine State Horticultural Society—At the State Fair Grounds, located at Lewiston. Maine State Agricultural Society—On their grounds at Lewiston, Sept. 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th. New England Fair—On Rigby Park, Portland, August 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th. North Cumberland Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Penobscot Park, Sept. 10th, 11th and 12th. North Cumberland Agricultural Society—At Livermore, Sept. 24th, 25th and 26th. North Knox—Sept. 24th, 25th and 26th. North Washington County Agricultural Society—At Farmington, Aug. 27th, 28th and 29th. Penobscot County Agricultural Society—At Old Town, Oct. 1st, 2d and 3d. Ossipee Valley Union Agricultural Association—At Cornish, August 19th, 20th and 21st. Oxford County Agricultural Society—At Skowhegan, Sept. 17th, 18th and 19th. Sagadahoc Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Topsham, Oct. 8th, 9th, and 10th. Washington County Agricultural Society—At Pownal, Sept. 26th and 28th. Washington Town Fair—Oct. 1st, 2d and 3d. Wiscasset Fair—At Wiscasset, Aug. 11th and 12th. At Monroe Sept. 10th, 11th and 12th. (Will the Secretaries of Societies assist us in completing the above list?)

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

JON THORLAKSON, POET.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Iceland, to all who study its history, is a land of exceeding attraction. And, but for the lack of neatness among its people and in its dwellings, not a few would agree with the sentiments of its natives that, "Iceland is the best land the sun shines on."

Why a people so intelligent can consent to live in squalid filth and pungent odors of offal and slops allowed to attain great age, in their very dwellings, is indeed strange. Yet teachers declare this to be so, and it seems to drive away those who, otherwise, would be glad to company with the excellent and interesting christians of Iceland, among whom are persons of true genius. In extremely cold latitudes there is certainly more excuse for untidiness and dread of pure air than in milder climates; but there can be no justification for the state of things in dwellings, and too often in churches in that happy land. For it is a happy land—spite of cold and poverty and filth, it is a land of happy homes. Iceland is not, sad to say, the only place where loveable people repel by filthiness the companionship of those they love, and, very forcibly the thought has come, it is by moral stances, consequent upon indulging in every sin, that we repel the Holy Spirit, who loves us and would gladly dwell with us, if with spirits cleansed from all filthiness, and bodies washed with pure water, we would draw nigh unto Him.

Were you to judge by the appearance of Iceland people when at the severe labor which they must endure to keep from starvation, (and in which their pastors, whose settled salary is not over \$30 a year, save in rare cases, are obliged constantly to join,) or by the squalor of their filthy dwellings, you would imagine them to be savages. But enter their huts on a winter's evening, and, if you can live long enough in their terrible atmosphere, you will see your mistake. Do you see an idle individual in the hut? Not one. Women and girls are spinning, knitting or mending. Mothers are teaching their little ones to read or write, or are giving them little lessons in duty to God and their fellow creatures. Men and boys are mending agricultural implements and household utensils, or are chiseling with admirable skill, articles of silver, ivory or wood, while one of the company reads aloud, or the father lectures, informally, inculcating sound morality. What a pity the good man does not insist, also, on cleanliness, which is "next to godliness," and on good ventilation, which is an important part of cleanliness.

No wonder that leprosy is common among Icelanders, who do not exclude persons thus afflicted. They deny that the disease is contagious—perhaps it may not be so in that climate. And were there to be, with one accord, a thorough cleansing and ventilation of homes, and scrubbing off of persons (and no relapse into filthiness), it is probable that leprosy would be driven from the island forever.

"The traveler's room" is the best room in the parsonage, or rather the best house in the cluster called the parsonage. Every room is a separate house, connected with all other rooms by a long, dark, evil smelling passage. The beds of down are the chief luxury of these homes. The little churches of Iceland sometimes serve as sleeping rooms for travelers, who report them as sadly in need of cleansing and ventilation. A church is near each settlement, speaking well for the piety of the people.

There is said to be a thief on all the island, and we have heard of no unruly, hoodlum boys, such as are now making New England villages unsafe places of residence. Parents take every opportunity to teach righteousness to their children, and pasture second, with all diligence, their efforts.

While wintry storms howl on, old and young are listening to poems, tales, histories or travels; or are studying for themselves—perhaps different languages. The Icelanders are excellent linguists, and among them are men who devote whole days and nights to severe studies, from pure love of knowledge, without hope or thought of reward, other than that which knowledge gives. There is no common laborer among the Icelanders, who cannot read and understand the

oldest writings of his country. Travellers are sometimes strangely moved to hear, from men in abject poverty, the Latin tongue well used, and language which proves them to be well acquainted with the great authors of antiquity, whose beauties they admire.

Into the midst of such poverty, in a home such as has been described, was born Jon Thorlakson. His youth was, doubtless, passed much in the open air, where a good foundation was laid for his health, and where the splendors and the wonders of his boreal clime wrought on his gifted soul with power that was to be manifested in his after life. And well they might enter into his spirit to abide forever. There is such grand and awful splendor as in the realm of ice! Wild volcanic fires, answered by blood-red lights streaming across the starry heavens. The unsetting constellations gleaming over him, seeming to chase each other round and round,—and such a silence! No poet soul but would be filled with influences mighty to charm from abject and vile "environments," all his thoughts. Jon Thorlakson did not see the dirt of the low choky huts. He was "away," the while he wrought for God and for mankind, faith penning his noble songs, translating Milton and Pope and writing essays of his own.

But when he wished to publish his work and had not the means, he was forced to come down from the ideal to the real, and then he said, plaintively, "Ever since I came into this world I have been wedded to poverty, who has now hugged me to her bosom for seventy years, all but two, and whether we shall ever be separated here below is known only to Him who joined us together."

Dear old poet! innocently might he have sought a divorce from such a wedded mate. How true it is that often in human life, "the darkest hour is just before day." Soon after the discouraged sigh from the poet's heavy heart, Mr. Henderson, agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, made Jon an unexpected visit.

The poet was hard at work in the hay field, when called to come and see a stranger. Hastening home, he welcomed his guest to the small room where stood his bed and his writing table. There the two conversed of Jon's muse and of his work. "Many a pleasant hour has the translation of Milton given me," said the poet, "and it often gave me occasion to think of England." Mr. Henderson's heart warmed more and more toward the gentle, humble-minded genius he had come so far to see.

Besides the genial stir, and present pleasure of this visit, it yielded good results, financially, to Jon Thorlakson, for the English Literary Fund soon afterwards sent him thirty pounds sterling. To Thorlakson this was a mine of wealth. Also, it was a great consolation and refreshment to his feelings, and it gave him the means of ease and comfort in his last days. Thus did God divorce him from poverty.

He wrote an elegant letter, in Latin, expressing his heart-felt gratitude for the generosity and kindness of the Society, so accordant with the character of the British Nation, and he accompanied it with a MS. copy of his translation.

The letter was printed in Iceland in 1828. His own original poems did not appear till 1842.

Jon Thorlakson's income, as the pastor of Backa, was less than six pounds a year. Yet he, condemned to all the drudgery which poverty forced upon him, accomplished excellent and great literary work.

And Iceland is still producing such men. Spite of poverty and hardship, they continue to get books. They carry those which they procure to meeting and exchange with each other. They have now a public library at Reykjavik, which is said to contain 12,000 volumes. These are freely lent for months, even for a whole year to persons in remote districts. This is, of course, "attended with some inconvenience," but it has the inestimable advantage of making good works accessible to many families too poor to purchase them. A nation of readers of good books is ever a noble nation.

Hastings' Polar Words.

NO FEATHERS THERE.

Was a Man of Experience and Not Open to Unnecessary Suspicion.

A policeman who was making his way up an alley off Calhoun street stopped to look over a fence where a colored man was splitting wood. Nothing was said by either for a time, but the colored man finally quered: "Doun' find no nusance in dis yere, I reckon?"

"I wasn't looking for nusances," replied the officer. "A man down here lost seven chickens last night."

"Seben chickens—hu!"

"Yes, seven large, fat and juicy chickens."

"Sum one riz 'em right off de roost, I reckon?"

"Yes."

"An' dun cl'ar off wid all dat pouly?"

"Yes."

"Huh! Yum—yum! Dat accounts for it!"

"Accounts for what?" asked the officer.

"Fur yo' lookin' to die back ya'd. I know what yo' was lookin' fur—for chicken feeders!"

"Well, jist lemme told yo' sunthin'.

In the first place I was laid up wid a chill an' couldn't hev gone out if I had abysatual dat pouly them. Two thirty yars' speerience in de bizness would hev made me put dem feeders an' heads af' feet whar' de hull creashun couldn't find 'em in a week's hunt. No, sah—no, sah—yo' needn't reckon to elide no asperity by lookin' ober de elongated back fence of de under-signed!"—Detroit Free Press.

Felt Honored.

Mistress (a widow)—Well, Johnson, I'm sorry you are going to leave us, but you're very fortunate in having this money left you. I suppose you'll be looking out for a wife now?

Johnson (the butler)—Well, really, ma'am, I feel very much honored at what you propose, but I'm engaged to a young woman already.—London Times.

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Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1837.

Published every Thursday, by
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1895.

TERMS.
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For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. Ayer, our Agent, is now calling
upon our subscribers in Androscoggin and
Oxford counties.

The State of Maine is rapidly becom-
ing a vast pasture and grazing ground
for game. F. J. Stacy saw standing at
one time, near a small pond in Stacy-
ville, fourteen deer and three moose,
and at the roadside near the Twelve
Corners, East Madison, five deer were
seen feeding one night.

The petition for the pardon of Stain-
and Cromwell has been laid over until
the next meeting of the Executive Coun-
cil, Sept. 11. It is pretty certain that
the board will be unanimous against
granting the pardon. This decision will
end the case, it is hoped, and this
famous contest which has been fought
out in the newspapers, in the courts and
by the public, have a merited rest.

On the farm of A. J. Trask in Noble-
boro, there is what may be called a
curious freak of nature. There stands
near the railroad, a tree, the trunk of
which divides in two branches about
three feet from the ground, each branch
just equal in size, about fifteen inches in
diameter. One branch is white ash and
the other white maple, and they both
grow to the same height, making a very
beautiful shade tree.

And now it is proposed to construct a
monstrous telescope which will bring the
moon within six miles of the earth. The
plan is to construct a telescope nearly
200 feet in length. The objective glass
will have a diameter of something over
four feet three inches, the largest in the
world. The colossal tube will be placed
horizontally, and the image of the moon
will be reflected by what is termed a
mirror plane, six feet in diameter and
fifteen inches thick. The weight would
be 800 pounds. The special feature of
the idea is that the image of the moon
should be thrown upon a screen placed
in a hall large enough to hold 600 spec-
tators. The telescope is expected to be
ready at the opening of the Paris Exhi-
bition in 1900.

The raising of our inland lakes for the
purpose of storing water for manufac-
tories has in many instances proved a
serious matter to farmers dwelling
around the shores of such waters. There
are not a few ponds in the State which
show the effects of the invasion of the
dam builder, in the way of dead and
dying forests, and submerged fields
around the shores. In most instances
the concerns flowing lands are willing to
pay a fair sum for flowage, but it has
not been so in every case, and damages
were only collected after a law suit was
threatened. Manufacturing and agricul-
ture should go hand in hand, but it is
hard for farmers to witness the drowning
of valuable areas of their farms, and
they should be promptly recompensed
for their losses.

W. H. White & Co. of London report
that England has the largest apple crop
for many years, which is evenly dis-
tributed all over the country; but
whether the keeping qualities will prove
to be such as to allow the growers to
hold the fruit any length of time re-
mains to be seen. Holland has a very
large crop indeed, and looking in splen-
did condition, having had plentiful sup-
plies of rain at regular intervals. Bel-
gium, also, is reported to have a very
heavy crop, and looking exceedingly
well. In France apples are the only
crop of the year, and reported very good.
Germany and Italy have good crops.
They think the best sorts, such as King
Tompkins, Ribston, Woodstock Pippins,
Gravensteins, Golden Russets, and
Newton Pippins, can be profitably
shipped. It is not expected, however,
that high prices will be realized.

The negro lynchings in the South, and
even in States above Mason and Dixon's
line, continue to disgrace civilization.
Last week a negro murderer was hung
by a mob in Fulton, Mo., and trouble
arose in Winston, S. C., over a report
given out at all the colored churches, to
the effect that a crowd of whites was
going to lynch Arthur Tuttle, who is
being tried for the murder of Policeman
Vickers, last May. The negroes, to the
number of 300, marched to the jail,
where they remained several hours.
They refused to disperse, and finally fired
on the officers, after which a general
fight took place. They were dispersed
by the militia. In Spring Valley, Ill.,
a body of Italian workmen arose and
drove out a large force of colored em-
ployees, who were unable to secure pro-
tection from the authorities. In Chicago
the colored men took measures to orga-
nize and go to the assistance of their
brethren in Spring Valley. Men were to
be armed and smuggled into the town to
be in readiness at a moment's notice.
But the Chicago police were after them,
and the plot nipped in the bud. In all
these contests between the negroes and
whites, it is seldom that any one is in-
jured but the colored man. When the
negro endeavors to protect himself from
lynching he is necessarily subdued by
the authorities, as order must be main-
tained. But is the colored man to be
blamed for resenting these murderous
attacks upon his race? Why should not
the law be as effective in protecting
blacks as whites? It is high time that
these lynchings were stamped out by
summarily punishing the participants,
leaving colored offenders to be dealt
with by the courts.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

Of the annual reports published by
the State, none is more important than
that of the Board of Agriculture, which
is issued annually. Year by year it has
become more valuable and better appre-
ciated by the farmers of the State, and
the time has long since passed when this
work has gone begging. Secretary Mc-
Keen, as did Secretary Z. A. Gilbert,
who preceded him, has aimed to make this
a readable, attractive volume, read
and sought for by our farmers, and given
a position in their private libraries.
That the State is wise in issuing such a
publication is no longer a question.

The report of the Maine State Pom-
ological Society, 148 pages closes the vol-
ume, a photograph of Mr. Chas. S. Pope,
the President being included. The Sec-
retary, Mr. D. H. Knowlton observes in
his report that the society is somewhat
in debt. The legislature increased the
appropriation to \$1000, and plans for
work were made on that basis, but in
consequence of an oversight in the en-
grossing of the bills, only the usual sum
of \$500 was granted, thus hampering the
society somewhat. Secretary McKeen
has urged the secretary to hold its win-
ter meetings earlier, so that the work of
the agricultural department may be
closed up before the new year begins,
and in the future the meetings will
probably be held earlier. The report of
the treasurer, the list of members, the
list of premiums awarded at the annual
exhibition, they include Filemaker, the
high jumper, Evergreen, the horse with
twelve different gaits, Albetros, the
fastest pacer in the world under a saddle,
and many others. Charlie Kinzer's trot-
ting dog "Doe" is another attraction,
and there will be troupes of performing
dogs, and the Japs who scored such a
big hit at the exhibition last year.
Master Roger Staples of Bangor will ex-
hibit his pacing dog each day. There
will be ball games on Thursday and Fri-
day, both forenoon and afternoon, be-
tween New England league teams.
Thursday will be Governor's day. Gov-
ernor Cleaves arrived in the city on
Wednesday and will remain until Thurs-
day night.

The display in City Hall is large. In
the art department will be found the
work of many prominent Maine artists.
Miss Lillian Eaton of Boston has charge
of this department. She officiated in
the same position last year. Tuesday,
the farmers' exhibits in the hall were
placed more completely in shape. On
Wednesday the fruit table was a large assortment
of apples, pears, plums, etc., the exhibits
being arranged as far as possible by
counties.

A HIGH COMPLIMENT TO A MAINE STOCK FARM.

When one, recognized as an expert,
journeys far and wide after what he
wants, and finally comes to Maine and
purchases it, it speaks well not only for
his judgment, but also for the quality
of the goods purchased. Meeting our
old friend, Prof. Wm. P. Brooks, of the
Massachusetts Agricultural College, in
December, we found him on the search
for a stallion to take to the college farm,
for the purpose of breeding large sized
roast horses. His desire was to find a
Hackney, but the visits to New York,
New Jersey, Virginia, and other places,
had not revealed the quality of half
bloods desired, and his mind was then
turned towards the French Coach.
A natural invitation was extended to
visit the stock farm in Maine, now
occupying so high a position. Prof.
Brooks has continued his search, meas-
uring the worth of a family by the
quality of the half bloods, and their fit-
ness for what, in his experienced judg-
ment, seemed of greatest value to the
farmers of Massachusetts. The result
is that after all the visits made, West,
North and South, the family just suited
to his taste and the colt just fitting his
eye was found at Elmwood Farm, South
Poland. The colt was bred by Mr. J. S.
Saunders, sired by Lothaire, and out of
the imported mare Lucy. It was the
uniformity in size and conformation, the
evidence of great courage and intelli-
gence, which finally settled the question,
and the Massachusetts Agricultural
College became the purchaser of a pure
blood French Coach, paying \$800 for a
yearling colt. It pays to raise such
stock as this, and that this colt was
selected after visiting so many breeding
establishments is a high compliment to
Elmwood Farm and the horse interests
of the State. The best of it is, there
are more of the same sort left on the
farm.

The Commerce of Canada.

The Secretary of Agriculture will
issue in a few days Bulletin No. 4 of the
"World's Markets" series. The present
one treats of Canada, which has become
a great competitor of the United States
in foreign markets.

This bulletin shows that the total ex-
ports of our Canadian neighbor increased
from \$89,000,000 in 1885 to \$118,000,000
in 1894, or 33 per cent.; the imports from
\$100,000,000 to \$123,000,000, or 13 per
cent., and the total trade from \$198,000,
000 to \$241,000,000, or 21 per cent., during
the same period. The largest propor-
tional annual increase was in 1892, when
the value of the total trade exceeded that
of the preceding year about 11 per cent.
During the years 1888 to 1891, inclusive,
the trade of Canada with the United
States exceeded that with any other
country; since then the United Kingdom
of Great Britain and Ireland has taken
first rank with the United States second.

The new style of silo frame is given a
place in the report in the way of an illus-
tration of the frame. A paper on "Stock-raising,
Forage Plants and Grasses," presented at institutes,
is printed in full; also a stenographic re-
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"The Orchard," and an address,
"Dairying and its Definitions," delivered
by John Gould of Ohio, at the State
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Harry E. Alford of Spring Hill Farm,
Fairfax county, Virginia, contributed
"Notes on Milk," and a stenographic re-
port of a lecture by Prof. W. H. Jordan, on
"The Bovine Supply of Human Food," is
printed. Reports of a lecture delivered by Prof. W.
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THE EASTERN FAIR.

It Opens with Fine Weather, Extensive Exhibits and Good Races.

The 13th annual Eastern State Fair opened Tuesday. It is one of the most interesting exhibitions ever held. The fair has changed hands since last year, and the new management



RE-OPENS SEPT. 3rd, 1895.

THE COURSE OF STUDY

is thorough, complete and practical. Pupils are fitted for the duties and work of every-day life.

THE FACULTY

embraces a corps of two teachers and assistants elected with special reference to each department.

THE STUDENTS

are young people of both sexes, full of diligence and sense.

THE DISCIPLINE

is of the highest order and includes valuable business lessons.

THE PATRONAGE

is the largest of any similar institution in the world.

THE REPUTATION

of this school is unsurpassed in leadership and in being the Standard Institution of its kind generally acknowledged.

SPECIAL COURSE.

Short-Hand, Type Writing, Composition and Correspondence may be taken as a special course.

SITUATIONS

In business houses, turned-out pupils among the varied industries to be found in school.

THE SCHOOL BUILDING,

63 Washington Street, Boston, is centrally located and purposefully constructed. Office open daily, from 9 till 5 o'clock. Prospectus Post Free.

H. E. HIRBARD, Principal.

32d ANNUAL

New England Fair,

RIBBY PARK AND CITY HALL,

PORTLAND, ME.,

Aug. 27, 28, 29, 30, 1895.

\$25.00 IN PURSES AND PREMIUMS.

COME AND SEE:

Johnson, the bicycle crack, go against the 2 minute mark, also two miles to beat 4:10.

The cream of New England live stock, from the best farms of the United States.

Racing by the circuit flyers, Agricultural, Horticultural and Floral.

Exhibits, Bees and Honey.

Poultry, Pigeons and Rabbits.

Paintings, Decorated China and Needle-work.

Seafish and Birds and Animals of New England.

DON'T FORGET:

The Mardi Gras Floral Parade.

The Coaching Parade and many girls.

The Fireworks Display by Telephone.

The numerous Electrical novelties.

Bicycle Races between Johnson and other cars.

The Band Concerts afternoon and evening.

The special attractions being secured day by day, and each worth the price of admission.

REMEMBER:

Presidents, Governors and Mayors galore are to attend.

The North Atlantic Squadron will be in Portland Harbor, and will favor us with an Illumination.

Portland extends greetings, and the management guarantees your money's worth.

Special attention, State, French and Specie Fairs, and all sorts of New England.

H. F. FARNHAM, Mgr., Portland, Me.

H. F. APPELTON, Pres., E. T. ROWELL, Sec.

WARREN BROWN, Treas. 340

Comfort.

A square of quiet enjoyment. A cushion from that which disturbs or annoys.

Are You Comfortable?

or does your food annoy and distract you after eating? Are you bilious and constipated, do your eyes blur and trouble you?

Why be Uncomfortable?

in this way. The True "L.F." Medicine (or Bitters) relieves those difficulties at once. 35 c. a bottle of all dealers. Ask for an "L.F." Card.

Items of Maine News.

The body of Aleo Snow, who has been missing since Monday of last week, was found on Snow's wharf in Rockland harbor, early Monday morning.

Alvado C. Durgin, a Biddeford painter aged 35, was drowned by the capsizing of a dory off Wood Island, Monday. He was married.

Mrs. Hermidas Jariz of Biddeford, whose husband was drowned in the river a few weeks ago, Friday, gave birth to triplets. They are healthy infants. She now has sixteen children.

The Ammen ram was given progressive speed trials Saturday, and made eight successful runs over the mile course, reaching a speed of 16½ knots. She will have new propellers put on next week.

By a majority of 608, the voters of Belfast have instructed the city council to provide for building an iron bridge across the harbor at a cost not exceeding \$85,000. The vote is not legally binding, but only an expression of the popular wish.

The Manufacturers' Investment Company of Madison has received bids for the erection of a new dam across the Kennebec River, near the mills. The dam is to be 500 feet in length, and cost \$20,000.

Charlie Estes, aged 16, son of Frank L. Estes, met with a shooting accident, Wednesday. He was cleaning a rifle when it exploded, tearing his second finger from his left hand at the joint, making a painful wound.

William Minshew was fined in the Municipal Court at Biddeford for assaulting his wife. Minshew is the man who served a short sentence a few years ago for causing the death of his little girl by holding her over the side of a boat when he was intoxicated.

The successful eighteen days' spiritual campmeeting at Verona Park closed Sunday. Officers were elected Saturday as follows: President, Freeman Smith, Rockland; vice president, Peter Abbott, Verona; treasurer, John Eldridge, Bucksport; clerk, Mrs. Poyer.

Mr. John Barrett of Bridgewater lost a valuable horse by what seems a singular accident. A man was riding the horse and carrying a scythe upon his head. In some way it struck the hind leg of the horse, cutting it so badly as to make it necessary to kill the animal.

About 30 men, masons, carpenters and laborers are now at work on the new house in Caribou. The brick walls for the first story are nearly completed and it is expected that all the outside brick work will be finished about Aug. 25.

They are pointing with lime mortar. The building is progressing well in this season. It is a good building and will be finished about Aug. 25.

The latest sensation in Dickvale, is a young man under the influence of old recent students.

elder attempting to shoot himself. A friend caught the rifle and jerked it one side just in time to prevent the ball entering his head. His face is said to be slightly burned.

Geo. E. Fay of Dexter told his wife he was going to commit suicide by taking laudanum, and procuring a supply of the drug, started off into the woods. Later the wife found him under a pile of brush, unconscious. By applying restoratives he was brought to consciousness, and will recover.

Fairfield business men have formed a stock company and will at once erect a three story building, 110 feet long with a basement, to be leased for five years to Whittemore & Ireland of Foxcroft, now doing business in that town, for the carrying on of their business of manufacturing upholstered parlor furniture.

Wm. Appleyard has just received four carloads of machinery to be put into the Seavee woolen mills, which will be started up for the manufacture of cloths as soon as the dam at that place has been completed. The lumber for a coffer dam is all on the ground, and work was begun upon the foundation of the structure this week.

The body of B. R. Hunter of Worcester, Mass., was discovered, Thursday morning, on the Maine Central Y at Bidwell. It was crushed almost beyond recognition. On the body was a gold watch, and in his pocket \$20 bill. It is supposed he must have fallen from or been crushed by the 3 o'clock bell.

Trinity Commandery, No. 1, of Gardiner, Em. Sir Samuel W. Cutts, Commander.

Portland Commandery, No. 2, of Portland, Em. Sir George E. Whitney, Commander.

St. John's Commandery, No. 3, Bangor, Em. Sir William Z. Clayton, Commander.

Bradford Commandery, No. 4, of Bradford, Em. Sir Edwin Parsons, Commander.

Maine Commandery, No. 1, of Gardiner, Em. Sir Samuel W. Cutts, Commander.

Class No. 1-Trotting, Foals 1895.

Frank, G. b. Pickering—Burnside. J. B. Read, Bowdoinham.

Ortiz, b. g. Arrival—Bayard. A. J. Libby, Gardner.

Culmet, b. g. Messenger Wilkes—Redwood.

Borden, br. g. Brown Rolfe—W. G. Reynolds, Winslow.

Bridgeman, b. g. George A. Artemus, Jr.—E. Noyes, Portland.

Westbrook, r. g. Elmwood—Gideon. G. Edwards, Field.

Bing, b. g. May King—Young Jim. E. Greeley, Ellsworth.

Ralph, b. g. Ralph Wilkes—Wilkes.

Hull, b. m. Augusta—

Julia, br. m. Olympia—W. D. Haley, Haley.

Gardiner, b. t. Empire Wilkes—Uncle Gip.

G. W. Leavitt, Pembroke—Maine Prince—Straightf.

J. S. Chapman, Harrison.

No. 2—3.00 Trotting Stake Race.

J. G. Coburn, b. g. Albion—Dirigo.

Bentley, Bucklin—Hawthorne.

Chapman, b. t. Rockefeller—Wood's Hambleton.

Joselin, b. t. Westland—Clans. M. J. F. Morrison, East Livermore.

Phelps, b. s. Prescott—Redwood.

Farnham, Portland—

Lind, b. g. Happy Medium—

H. C. Chapman, Bethel—

Ethel Nelson, b. f. Nelson—Fearnauth.

No. 3—2.10 Trotting Stake Race.

W. H. Wilcox, b. s. Albion—

W. L. Lewis, Wilkes, Albion.

Gardiner, b. t. Elmwood—

Van, demon, b. g. Van Helmont—Thurman's Knox.

W. H. Hiller, b. s. West Auburn.

Von Hiller, b. s. Romeo—Gilbreth.

W. L. Lewis, Wilkes, Albion—

Poetry.

PLAYING TEA.

In a quiet and dim old attic
Frogs sing with withered herbs,
Jugos with the swift, winged
And the songs of mating birds—
In a quaint and roomy attic,
Laughing in their merry glee,
Kate and Elsie sit together,
Sit together, playing tea.

Elsie spreads the oaken table,
(Tis the bottom of a chair.)
While Miss Kate with nimble fingers
Braids the hair,
And puts on the worn-out garments
For some others, fresh and new;
Smiling all the while she chatters,
And keeps Elsie chattering too.

But such bread is on their table!
"And such cake!" "so sweet and light,"
Katie says, a queer smile wrinkling
Up her forehead white.
"What preserves! and oh! what butter!"
"For you, I'll give you a piece of Elsie's
Hippies with a joyous sound.

"I'll give you a piece of this, Katie."
Last week it was round and old,
(Shut the window, please, dear Bridget,
Baby has a horrid cold.)
How's your children, Mrs. Lovelace?
Well and happy? that is good;
But I thought Frank had the measles;
So at least I understood.

"Are you going, Mrs. Lovelace?
You must come again some day;
You are very welcome to me.
If you stay so long away,
Now play you were hostess, Katie,
And I'll come and stay to tea;
I will now be Mrs. Lovelace;
And you, Katie, shall be me."

Years have passed: within a cottage
Kate and Elsie calmly sit,
Each with one foot on a cradle,
As babies used to sit.
And I smile as a quaint vision
Of an attic fits o'er me,
And I see those two young mothers
Once more children, "playing tea."
—Marie Oliver, in Old Colony Memorial.

Our Story Teller.

ELEANOR'S ROMANCE.

BY MAUD RITTENHOUSE.

Harlowe Graham, crushing that white
sheet beneath a heavy hand, rose from
his chair with an ejaculation that
made the very pens in their tray dance
tinkling.

"By Jove! this is hard luck," he re-
peated, and he strode the length of his
office frowningly. "Coming this week!
And to play the deuce with—" but he
did not finish the sentence. There are
thoughts that a man hesitates to form
into cold-blooded English; and the
man who paced that office floor and
kicked defenseless rugs and chairs
from his path found it easier to recog-
nize in thought than in speech the
state of affairs that so irritated him.

Old Mrs. Post, who dusted his office,
and just as vigilantly whisked all such
friendly covering from the private af-
fairs of Millport, would have been less
squeamish. Indeed, that very morning
she had been heard to say to her be-
capped and be-frilled neighbor, Mrs.
Pennypacker, that there would be "the
old gentleman to pay" when Miss
Eleanor came home; which "old gen-
tleman," to judge from her expression,
was a creditor in not too high repute
for his leniency. "An' w'ther 'e'll
break w' her an' marry Miss Celia, 'e
can't do it graceful, not to break w'
Miss Celia an' marry her, no more;" at
which lucid statement of the affair the
cap and frills of Mrs. Pennypacker
nodded sagaciously.

Harlowe Graham would probably
have twisted his blonde mustache with
many degrees of added fierceness had
he dreamed that gossiping cronies
dared consider thus officiously matters
that to him were as grave as they were
unmentionable.

His engagement to pretty Eleanor
Field had been of too long standing to
be ignored by any save the very one
who he chose to have ignore it, the
handsome Celia Chichester. This
charming young woman, having lived
all her life abroad, had returned with
accomplishments that included a
knowledge of all the affairs on two
continents, save, perhaps, the one very
insignificant affair of Mr. Graham's
engagement, which affair that gentle-
man, in the triumph of his friendship
with her lofty self, was quite willing
to relegate to the dim and cobweb-
past.

Harlowe Graham's care not to admit
to his own mind the bare truth con-
cerning his contemplated course was
due to the fact that he considered him-
self a man of such fine and sterling
honor that this quality of his could be
only equaled by the rare mental and
social elements that went to make up
his somewhat exceptional character. But,
however he might contrive to de-
ceive himself, his purpose was none
the less fixed to see Miss Chichester
before another day had passed, and de-
termine just how successful had been
his attentions to her.

Alas! that plans projected with real
skill and diplomacy must fail so short
of fulfillment. In the Chichester draw-
ing-room that evening, he found a
party of friends from a distance enter-
taining Miss Celia in so lively a
manner as to utterly preclude any-
thing in the nature of the quiet tête-
à-tête so desired. In the entire week
of their visit he was no more fortunate;
and when the end of that time Eleanor
had returned.

Graham knew of her arrival almost
at once; but he considered that he had
most excellent reasons for not going
near their home until several days
later. When, finally, he stood at the
threshold of the little house inquiring
for her, he was informed that Eleanor,
feeling indisposed, could not see him; and he never knew that the little
girl herself, at her window above the
fragrant rose vines, watched him out
of sight, with throbbing head and
eyes that were red from weeping. With
various embellishments Eleanor had
been told by one and another the story
of Harlowe's defection, and beneath
her gentle tractability there lay an
under stratum of such sturdy pride
that no power could have compelled
her to see him until she felt she could
control in a measure the sickness
afflicting her at heart.

It was the following morning, while
she sat rather listlessly at the old-
fashioned piano, that big Tom Chandler,
their next-door neighbor, ran in
with a budget of news.

"The Carters are home again in their
lovely place on the Petillan," he ex-
claimed, "and the dear madam has
written me to bring up a party for
the Fourth. It'll be no end of fun
and of course I thought of you right
away. In fact, Mrs. Carter made a
special request for you; and Mrs. Carter,
you know, takes no denials."

"I want you to go," Mrs. Field said,
with gentle authority. "It will be a

most delightful rest for you as well as a
pleasant visit. You haven't seen the
Carters for three years."

"I know," Eleanor answered slowly;
then, with sudden resolve: "Thank
you very much, Tom; I will go gladly."

And glad enough she looked on that
brilliant morning, sitting in the prow
of the little tug whose speed through
the waters caused the wind to whirl
the fixen tendrils about her shapely
head and call up the straying color to
her cheek. Harlowe was relieved to
have gotten somehow through the
form of greeting her, and back where
the white waters rippled from the
stern he leaned above Celia's chair, but
faintly and uneasily conscious of her
word she spoke. He remembered how
actual, happy tears trembled upon her
dark lashes when he solemnly told her
how impossible it would be for his
love and loyalty ever to wane. And
now it lay within his power to make
her quite as happy again. He began to
feel almost magnanimous in the
thought of what he was giving up and
how he meant to rejoice her tender
heart. He found his step growing
quicker as it turned back along the
path toward the great house.

On the lawn he found them gathered,
watching a game of tennis; and, alert
and swift and rosy, Eleanor darted
here and there across the court or sent
the balls swift and straight into her
opponent's field.

"Gad! she plays a good game!" young
Carter called out, admiringly. "She hadn't a peer in our little club
in New York." Lieut. Thorne said, with
enthusiasm.

Gray turned away somewhat dis-
quieted. He would have preferred her
in a sadder mood. He would wait until
the end of the game and take her a
stroll along the bluffs. But at the end
of the game, by some preconcerted plan,
she and her naval friend repaired to
the cool drawing-room for a special
little visit with Mrs. Carter. Graham
could hear the quiet conversation and
the occasional soft little peals of
laughter, from where he sat upon the
wide veranda. By the time they
sauntered out he had reached that
hypercritical state where everything
about this handsome officer with his
fine figure, his soft manners, and his
rare smile, struck him disagreeably.

He was quite sure he didn't care to see
Eleanor now, or to talk with her. It
was just as well; for dinner was
presently announced, and as they were
assigned their dinner-seats, Miss
Field was cozily ensconced between
her friend Tom and the Lieutenant,
there would have been small chance
for him.

In the meantime, that obnoxious
person, usually the most reserved of
men, was detailing to the little girl in
gray all the long, long thoughts that
had haunted him since an evening
weeks before, when she had put a sud-
den end to the hopes burning high
within him.

"To think that all a man's aspirations,
his very life and strength, should be
bound up in a little panel five feet
two!" he suddenly exclaimed; and,
though the voice was playful, when
Eleanor looked up there was a strange
mistrust about the kindly eyes.

A sudden glow and warmth suffused
her face. How tall and powerful he
looked, towering above her, and yet
how kind and good! And she had been
so blind to it all before, blind because
she would not think of that.
There should be no more blindness,
the decided, eye-opening were not
always the pleasantest things in the
world. He saw the flare of color on
her rounded cheek and the slight pale-
ness that followed.

"I have annoyed you," he said, "and I
promised to be good. But the days
have been long since you left, and how
I am to remember promises or any
other things, when all my energies
have been used of late in trying to
forget? There! I will not spoil your
visit. I'm in mortal terror lest you
may be spirited off as mysteriously as
you came." He was laughing lightly
now, with the evident desire to set her
at her ease, and he launched swiftly
into a description of the various provi-
dential happenings that had gained
him his furlough, and of the further
good fortune of his meeting with Mrs.
Carter at Cleveland, of her invitation,
and his half-indifferent acceptance.

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good fortune of his meeting with Mrs.
Carter at Cleveland, of her invitation,
and his half-indifferent acceptance.

His voice, slow and sweet, and always
with that undertone of kindly feeling,
caused Eleanor to think that, after all,
it might not be an irksome scheme
she had thought she could not
bear.

It was really a beautiful day for so
tardy a dawning; and Eleanor, feeling
the cordial gladness in her hostess'
welcome, smiled the more gladly when
that astute soul remarked, with a tap
of her fan upon his shoulder:

"You, Lieut. Thorne, are to take Miss
Field to dinner. My dear, I send you
out with the only lion I have captured
for this happy occasion."

Eleanor laughed gayly. Somehow it
was natural to her.

"I'm afraid of lions," she said, some-
what shyly, as she took his arm.

"You needn't be," was his mischiev-
ous reply, "they never eat sweets."

He, too, had forgotten, that only last
night he had paced the walk in the
white starlight and fancied himself a
worn old man, so tired and lifeless he
had grown. There were threads of
white in his hair, that he knew; but
to-day he felt boy-like, exuberant.

What a merry dinner it was!
Eleanor never had seemed so bright.
"Girls are funny things!" Tom Chandler
thought. "Only last week that
child was looking the picture of de-
spair; and now she's like sunshine it-
self."

Harlowe Graham was thinking too.
The sunshine had not fallen on him
with any very brilliant effect.
The world looked rather gray, indeed,
and life a good deal of a bore. He
took himself off after dinner, and
walked along the river bank, suddenly
throwing in stones and watching the
water as it broke into fluttering rip-
ples. The reflections that shivered
and marred were no more disturbed
than his own. One thing he knew;
Celia Chichester should never guess
what chagrin she had caused him. He
would impress it upon her that his
devotion to herself were the merest
whirling away of a weary tedium, and
that the "little romance" to which she
had so ironically referred was the very
light of his life. And Eleanor? Well,
Eleanor was a soft, sweet, yielding
little thing, not so large or imposing
or handsome as Miss Celia, but not
unintelligent, after all, and really very
pretty.

He would be quite kind and at-
tentive to her, too, and it would be
very easy to make excuses for his late
apparent lack of interest. She had al-

A GLITTERING TEMPTATION.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

ways been a generous, forgiving little
thing; it was hardly likely that she
would be any less so now when
the suppliant was the man who
had been her ideal always. Graham
smiled with pleased complacency
as he smoothed his tawny mustache
and threw his broad shoulders back.
Yes, Eleanor had admired him always,
and, despite her pretty shyness, had
confessed it in many ways. He began
to recall little scenes of the last sum-
mer but one, when the dear girl, her
home-loving heart sad at the thought
of separation, had been quite unable
to keep her love for him from filtering
through her eyes and thrilling in every
word she spoke. He remembered how
actual, happy tears trembled upon her
dark lashes when he solemnly told her
how impossible it would be for his
love and loyalty ever to wane. And
now it lay within his power to make
her quite as happy again. He began to
feel almost magnanimous in the
thought of what he was giving up and
how he meant to rejoice her tender
heart. He found his step growing
quicker as it turned back along the
path toward the great house.

When Leander Clarke married Mabel
Thorne, he had no expectation of ever
being a rich man, but as his affairs ap-
peared at the present time he is on the
broad highway to future wealth. It
all arose from the fact that he took
time by the forelock, the only way
poor mortals have of ever getting even
with him of his scythe and hour-glass.

But it is this very thing that is caus-
ing him such a lot of mental anguish
now, making his nights sleepless, and
threatening to undermine his domestic
peace.

"I wish," he said in tones of in-
vective, "that burglars would get the
hateful stones. They might at least
be some good to them!"

It is said that curses, like chickens,
come home to roost. After Leander has
asked forgiveness for his rudeness and
Mabel had sweetly extended the olive
branch of reconciliation, he suggested
that she be doubly careful of her cher-
ished possessions.

"The town is full of burglars, and
they know the people who have fine
diamonds, and if they once set out to
get them they'll succeed."

Mabel did not sleep with the like-
mons in the same room. Woman-like,
she thought if she secreted them in
some place where they would never be
detected, they would be safe. Neither
the ash-barrel nor the ragbag entered
into her calculations, but places just
as inconsistent did.

One night there was a crash in the
room below. Mabel shook her sleeping
husband and whispered in his ear:
"Burglars! Get your revolver and
go downstairs. The diamonds are in
the bottom of the clock."

Leander was startled and confused,
but as the noise continued, he hurried
out of his clothes, and taking his revolver
ran softly down the stairs. Mabel re-
mained where she was, shivering with
fear. There was a fearful commotion
below, the noise of falling furniture,
opening and closing of windows, and
the rapid firing of the revolver, after
some flying robber. Then regard for
her husband's life compelled Mabel
to hurry to his assistance. She found
him lying on the floor grasping his re-
volver.

She did not faint nor shriek, but
kneeling beside him bathed his face
and besought him to speak to her.

"Where am I?" he asked feebly as he
tried to raise himself; "are the dia-
monds safe?"

"Never mind the diamonds," said his
wife, "you are mortally wounded any-
where!"

"I don't know," answered Leander,
feebly, and to her credit be it recorded,
Mrs. Leander assisted her husband to a
couch and sent off, or rather called
for assistance, before she even thought
of her diamonds.

Then the open door of the clock told
the whole story—the diamonds were
gone root and branch! And they were
the only things stolen.

Leander had been surprised at the
manner of his wife on receiving the
jewels, he was astonished at the calm
indifference with which she parted
from them. She allowed the usual
course to be taken to recover the thief,
or thieves, to justice, but when no re-
sults followed, she said she was glad of
it, that she could appreciate, as well
as of commission, and that her un-
righteous condemnation of sinners,
and her severe judgments, were in
themselves of a sinful nature. The
self-righteous are often harder to live
with than the sinner.

Leander Clarke had been a good son,
and he intended to be a good husband.
He was both proud and fond of his
wife, but certainly regretted that he
could not give her all the luxuries
that she could appreciate, not even the
grand piano that her musical talent
deserved. But he went to work with a
will to make her happy, and hoped in a
few years to be able to add all other
needful things.

Among the wedding presents of the
young couple was one that far out-
shone all the rest—a superb set of dia-
monds, sent by an uncle of Leander
who was near to death, and he argued
that she would be tormented by so long
a residence in this extravagant present.

Leander himself was genuinely sorry
that such an undesirable gift had been
made, but he argued that his wife was a
sensible woman, and would turn them into
something more suitable to their condition in life
—a piano, for instance, which was a
necessity rather than a luxury. What
was his surprise when his wife said:

"I never was so pleased in my life.
I am in mortal terror lest you spoil my
life." She said, "that I did not
see it in that light before. I will never
keep anything in my house again to
tempt the cupidity of the wicked or un-
fortunate. To that extent am I my
brother's keeper."

But the effect upon her husband was
entirely different. Either he caught
cold on that night of the burglary, or
his nervous system received a shock,
for he was almost ill from the effect of
his tussle with the burglar. And he
could not endure to have the subject
mentioned before him. Not even the
success of the "Little Catawba," in
which a friend had invested for him,
gave him the peace and rest he craved.

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